Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble thoſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde mee to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incence his Maieſty
Againſt the *Duke* of *Clarence*, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you doe mee ſhamefull iniury,
Falſely to draw mee in, ſuch vile ſuſpect.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may. L. *Riuers*, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may, yea marry may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhee?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a hanſome ſtripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My L. of *Gloceſter*, I haue to long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſty,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country ſeruant maide,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene. *Margret.*
Qu. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat is due to mee.
Glo. What? threat you mee with telling the King?
Tell him and ſpare not looke what I ſayd,
I will auoch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, when paines are quite forgot,

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out Diuell, I remember them t
Thou ſleweſt my husband *Henry* in the Towe
And *Edward* my poore ſonne at *Tewxbury*.
Glo. Ere you were Queene yea or your hus
I was a packe-horſe in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royallize his blood I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then
Glo. In all which time, you and your husban
Were factious for the Houſe of *Lankaſter*:
And *Riuers*, ſo were you. Was not your husb
In *Margrets* battaile at Saint *Albons* ſlaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue beene ere now, and what you
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine: and ſo ſt
Glo. Poore *Clarence* did forſake his Father
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which *Ieſu* pard
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge
Glo. To fight on *Edwards* party for the Cr
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is m
I would to God my heart were flint like *Edwa*
Or *Edwards* ſoft and pittyfull like mine,
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leav
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy Kingdome is.
Riu. My Lord of *Gloceſter* in thoſe buſie day
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followd then our Lord, our lawfull King.
So ſhould we you if you ſhould be our Kin
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a ped
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Q. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſupp
You ſhould enioy, were you this countries Ki
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof,
A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſſe;